

HIS HAIR WAS WHITE.

The Thrilling Story of How it Turned.

New York Sun.

A big black cloud that seemed to pull out at the bottom until it had the shape of a balloon spilled its flood upon the west slope of Marshall Pass. The flood rushed down a narrow gulch and tore away about 50 feet of the railroad track. The New England excursion train had to be backed down to Sargents, at the foot of the hill, and held there until the road could be repaired. There was absolutely no amusement for the excursionists save what they could make for themselves, and yet one heard no complaint. Nobody threatened to sue the company or send in a bill for the extra meal of mountain trout that they were compelled to take because of the washout.

"These Yankee tourists," said the old engineer, "have more patience and less pocket money than any class of people under the sun."

A couple of gentlemen came over to the little roundhouse, walking with their hands behind them, looking at the locomotives that stood steaming in front of the house waiting for orders. Upon the pilot of one of the engines a white-haired man in overalls sat smoking a cigar.

"Good evening," said one of the tourists.

"Good evening," responded the engineer.

"I suppose," said the New Englander, putting a clean tan boot upon the nose of the pilot, "that you have been in a close place some time."

"Well, I can't say that I have," said the man in overalls.

"I see that your hair is white, and yet you are a younger man than I am."

"Oh!" said the engineer, a little embarrassed, "I got that in the 60's, long before I commenced railroadin'."

"I see, I see," said the excursionist, showing still greater interest.

"At Gettysburg, perhaps?"

"It was going home from Gettysburg," said the engine driver, glancing at his right hand, that had a deep dimple in the thick of the thumb.

"I went home, also, after Gettysburg," said the Yankee, and the two men looked at each other for a moment in silence.

The fireman brought a cushion from the cab, threw it upon the pilot, and the engineer motioned the men to a seat.

"Well, there was a good many went home from Gettysburg," said the engineer, with the hard pedal on "home."

The Yankee nodded in silence. Of course, each knew by the other's accent that they had fought there face to face and not side by side.

"One of your fellows did me a mean little trick down there," said the excursionist.

"Well, if it comes to that, a damned Yankee poked his bayonet through my hand," said the engineer, for he had to swear when he talked.

"And, seeing that you were unarmed, made you a prisoner, when he might have killed you?"

"Yes, I had been hit on the head with a spent piece of shell or something heavy enough to knock me out. When I came to and staggered to my feet this Yankee made a run at me to 'I had to give up."

"Well, eh, I watched my chances and hit him a crack under the ear, grabbed his gun an' when he started to get up I laid the barrel across his head and left him there, when I might have killed him."

"And here," said the excursionist, removing his travelling cap, "is the scar you gave him."

"An' here's the mark of yo' bayonet," said the engineer, wiggling his thumb.

The two men shook hands. The tourist returned to his sleeper, but came back again presently with a half dozen friends. The Yankee produced a well-filled cigar case, planted himself at the side of the engineer, and asked him to tell how his hair happened to be white.

"Well, eh," said the engine man, "it's that damn silly that I have never told it."

"But you must—you could not refuse an old comrade," said the Yankee, laughing heartily.

"After the scrap," said the Virginian, whose accent must now be imagined, "I went home to rest until my hand could heal. Our place was a ways from the railroad, and when I left the train I hired a saddle horse and started out to the plantation. It was a dark, rainy night. The result of the battle of Gettysburg had saddened me, but now the thoughts of seeing the folks and friends at home were a pleasure that could not be barred even by the sad news of the death of one of our neighbors.

"This man—this dead man—and I had been playmates and fast friends in boyhood days; but as we grew older we fell or rather grew in love with the same girl. I can't say that I blamed him for that—any man with sense would do it—but when I went

"Unfortunately for me, a big cloud swept between me and the moon, and I passed, a hundred feet from the grave, to let it pass. Now up came the ghost again, and right there is where I got this hair. Before now I had known a moment like that. I was not warm, and yet I was perspiring freely."

"I took another drink, but this time I could not taste it, but I could feel the three drinks now getting together and giving me new courage."

"Suddenly all sense of fear left me. 'Hi, there!' I yelled. 'Come out and show yourself!' and instantly up came the ghost, but instead of frightening me it made me laugh, and I laughed loud, there in the lonely place, and heard the echo come back from the hill across the run. I had a vague feeling that I was insane, and yet I knew that I was not, but I could not understand why I was not afraid."

"I wanted to get hold of that ghost and have it out with the thing, and dared it to come out and make a fight. I fired my pistol so show that I was brave. There was a sound from the line of breaking rails, the snap of a hitching strap and I saw my poor horse galloping away."

"I was in for it now, sure enough, and determined to give a good account of myself. Right there I took another drink, and to my surprise the bottle was empty. I also took a shot at the grave, for it occurred to me now for the first time that some one might be having fun with me. As the smoke of the pistol cleared away I saw the white thing lift itself to the edge of the open grave. It had wings. I could hear them and see them beating wildly against the sides of the sepulchre."

"Come out of that, I cried. You've got a pair of wings; why don't you get up and fly?"

"There was no reply from the ghost and it seemed to me that I must end the suspense or go mad. Rushing up to the grave I laid hold of the thing, dragged it forth, raised it high above my head, and slammed it upon the earth. It gave a squawk."

"What was it?" gasped the New Englander.

"It was an old white gander, sah."

Old Things About Rainbows.

Did you ever see a rainbow in the west? In discussing this curious question, the Philadelphia Times gives some interesting facts in regard to a rainbow and how it is formed:

1. It is never seen except when the sun is shining in one part of the sky, and rain is falling in the other, or opposite part.

2. It is generally seen in the east, because our showers come from the west and pass off toward the east.

3. It cannot be formed in the east except in the afternoon.

4. It cannot be formed in the west except in the morning.

5. It is never seen at midday, because the sun is then above us, and we cannot, therefore, stand between it and the rain.

Some of you may wonder why a rainbow is always semi-circular in shape. As a matter of fact, it is always a complete circle, but we cannot see but one-half of the circle, because the earth cuts off our view. If we were poised in the air, high above the earth, we could see it all. The circular shape is due to the fact that the raindrops are round, and that each drop reflects but one color to our eyes. It may strike you as a strange thing, but it is true, that no two persons see the same bow. That is because no two persons can possibly occupy the same position, and thus reflections fall differently upon their eyes.

An old Scotchman who had been a long time in the colonies paid a visit to his "native glen," and meeting an old school-fellow, they sat down to have a chat about old times and acquaintances. In the course of conversation the stranger happened to ask about a certain Georgie McKay. "He's dead long ago," said his friend, "and I'll never cease regretting him as long as I live." "Dear me! Had you such a respect for him as that?" "Na, na! It wasn't any respect I had for himself, but I married his widow."

A Household Remedy.

And it never fails to cure Rheumatism, Catarrh, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases arising from impure blood, is Botanic Blood Balm, (B. B. B.). Thousands endorse it as the best remedy ever offered to mankind. The thousand of cures performed by this remedy are almost miraculous. Try it, only \$1.00 per large bottle.

A PHYSICIAN'S EVIDENCE—AN HONEST DOCTOR.

Although a practitioner of near twenty years, my mother influenced me to procure Botanic Blood Balm, B. B. B., for her. She had been confined to her bed several months with Rheumatism, which had stubbornly resisted all the usual remedies. Within twenty-four hours after commencing B. B. B., I observed marked relief. She has just commenced her third bottle, and is nearly as active as ever, and has been in the front yard with "rake in hand," cleaning up. Her improvement is truly wonderful and immensely gratifying.

C. H. MONTGOMERY, M. D., Jacksonville, Ala.

For sale by druggists.

Being a Baby.

Would you like to be "the family despot," the "dear, sweet sugar lump?" Just imagine it.

The baby is helpless, its "cute little hands" cannot assist in providing the simplest comfort. The baby is speechless, unless people can interpret its cry.

Imagine you were asleep, and some "pretty ladies" invaded your bed room, pinched your dear little hands, and smothered you with kisses, exclaiming, "It's time to wake up." Then they picked you up and took you to the window, and laughed and thought it "so cute to see it wiggle." You cannot continue to sleep because some one else thinks it is time for you to be dressed, and ignores your heavy, sleepy looking eyes.

You would be kept sometime in a hot, stifling dark chamber, and taken suddenly into a cool, airy parlor, or out of doors into a strong light and cool breeze. Every visitor must handle you, shake you up and down, and show their love for you by mouthing your face and neck all over in a canine fashion. They even keep their mouth or face pressed over your tiny mouth and nose till you are half suffocated. Sometimes these faces are hot and moist, and impart a "horrid taste" to your lips because of the paint, powder or other lotions with which they are covered. Sometimes your lips are made sore or tender by the face powder rubbed off on them. Some of these mouths are scented with decayed teeth or other disease.

When you are taken back upstairs you miss the people and the light and cry, and then you are trotted and shaken till you stop crying for lack of breath.

When you are dressed, your head is let to hang down lower than your body till the very top of your head is red with the blood pouring into it. Of course, it takes a long time for you to become comfortable after such an experience.

When taken in the street, your view is entirely obstructed by a lace trimmed shade, drawn down in front of you. If it is not drawn entirely there is still a line of lace and sunshade shaking before your eyes. Or else you are left with no protection from the sun. You are expected to take all your airing flat on your back, laid out as if dead. If you go with a nurse, you are taken to spend the allotted "airing" in a stuffy kitchen while the nurse talks with her friend, the cook, or your carriage stands in an alley where you breathe slops and swill odors. Or you are left alone in your carriage, at the mercy of big dogs, drunken men staggering howe, and runaway horses.

If mamma has no servant, you may spend days without going out for air and exercise, because mamma hasn't time or strength to take you, and is too ignorant to know your future health depends upon your present way of living.

You are left in the same position for long minutes instead of being moved or turned over every fifteen minutes. You have no new doll or pretty playthings, because mamma thinks you are too young, and really you would enjoy a pretty colored toy or a doll long before you are able to ask for it.

These are some of the baby's woes and sufferings. Can't you think out the rest?—*Farm and Home.*

A Georgia colored minister preached this good doctrine to his people: "But 'tain't no use ter trabb' along dat narrer path 'less yer can carry, folded up in yer creed, a good recommendation from yer creditors. Hebben ain't no place fur men who has to dodge round a corner fur fear of meetin' someone who'll ask for dat little bill dat nebbew was paid."

It often happens that the doctor is out of town when most needed. The two year old daughter of J. Y. Schenck, of Caddo, Ind. Ter., was threatened with croup, he writes: "My wife insisted that I go for the doctor at once; but as he was out of town, I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy which relieved the child immediately." A bottle of that remedy in the house will often save the expense of a doctor's bill, besides the anxiety always occasioned by serious sickness. When it is given as soon as the croup cough appears, it will prevent the attack. Thousands of mothers always keep it in their homes. The 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

A Quaker, from the country, went into a city bookstore, and one of the clerks thinking to have a little fun, at his expense, said to him: "You are from the country, are you not?" "Yes," answered the Quaker. "Well, here's an essay on the rearing of calves that you would probably like to buy." "That," said the Quaker, "these had better present to thy mother!"

From the Lone Star State comes the following letter, written by W. F. Gass, editor of the Mt. Vernon, (Tex.) Herald: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in my family for the past year, and find it the best remedy for colic and diarrhoea that I have ever tried. Its effects are instantaneous and satisfactory, and I cheerfully recommend it, especially for cramp colic and diarrhoea. Indeed, we shall try and keep a bottle of it on our medicine shelf as long as we keep house." For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

Solid Chunks of Wisdom.

The Southern policy of raising cheap cotton and politics and paying high prices for the wheat and meat of the West, strikes the Hattiesburg, Miss., Progress as bordering on the ridiculous. With this as his theme, the Progress editor cuts out wisdom in solid chunks which it would be well for the cotton planters of the South to consider. The Progress says:

When the farmers of the South raise wheat, wheat will go down; when they raise meat, meat will go down, and when they raise something else besides cotton and politics, prosperity and confidence will come in wagon loads and be dumped over into their yards. Not before. Fools and free silver and gulping gold bugs can never change the laws of nature. The exclusive production of cotton and politics in the South will never produce cheap wheat and meat in the West. It is against nature and reason and common sense, and yet some people will fret and slobber and charge it to the demonization of silver or the Dingley tariff bill or the election of McKinley, or to everything else under the sun except their own cursed laziness. There are some people who ought to be thrown into a mill pond and the mill thrown in on them. They grow so continually and persistently that much of our respect for them has been transferred to their dogs. The farmers of the South should quit sowing politics and grow wheat and meat and other things they can eat. Their clothing would fit better in the long run.—*Mobile Register.*

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

"John, I wish you would rock the baby." "What'll I rock the baby for?" "Because he is not very well. And what's more, half of him belongs to you and you should not object to rock him." "Well, don't half belong to you?" "Yes." "Well, you can rock your half and let my half holler."

We live but once. Let us enjoy this life in moderation of all things. Don't bear a grudge. Be of good cheer. Look upon the bright side of life and aid others. Tell your troubles only to your intimate friends and cut that short. In fact, be one of nature's chosen ones. Don't take this life too seriously. You will be a long time dead.

Ladies Who Suffer

From any complaint peculiar to their sex—such as Profuse, Painful, Suppressed or Irregular Menstruation, are soon restored to health by

Bradfield's Female Regulator.

It is a combination of remedial agents which have been used with the greatest success for more than 25 years, and known to act specifically with and on the organs of

Menstruation, and recommended for such complaints only. It never fails to give relief and restore the health of the suffering woman. It should be taken by the girl just budding into womanhood when Menstruation is Scant, Suppressed, Irregular or Painful, and all delicate women should use it, as its tonic properties have a wonderful influence in toning up and strengthening the system by driving impurities from the proper channels.

"A daughter of one of my customers missed menstruation from exposure and cold, and on arriving at puberty her health was completely wrecked, until she was twenty-four years of age, when upon my recommendation, she used one bottle of Bradfield's Female Regulator, completely restoring her to health."

J. W. BRADFIELD, Water Valley, Miss.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT \$1 PER BOTTLE.

"Better late than Never."

The above old adage is as forceful now as ever, and suffering ones will rejoice when they hear of the wonderful efficacy of

AFRICANA,

the marvelous Blood Purifier. Hundreds who have become discouraged by trying a score of other remedies, and upon whom the best physicians failed, have ere it was too late, heard of the grandest of all Medicines—

AFRICANA,

The Sure Cure of all Blood Diseases.

For sale by Evans Pharmacy and Hill-Orr Drug Co.

PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT PLEASED WITH YOUR GROCER.

It may be that the prices are too high or the quality of Goods poor. If you want to be pleased give us a trial order, and see how well we can please you.

Our Store is stocked with the very best quality of everything that is good to eat, and we will sell you as cheap as others charge for cheap quality.

Once a customer of ours always a customer. We want everybody that comes to Anderson to come and see our Goods. Don't matter whether you want to trade or not. No trouble to show you our Goods.

Yours for trade,

OSBORNE & BOLT.

FOR SALE.

THE TRACT OF LAND known as the Vineyard, containing twenty-five acres, more or less, situated just outside of the city limits, adjoining lands of E. P. Sloan, B. F. Crayton and J. L. Glenn. A good two-room house, barn and well on the place. It is a short distance of the cotton mill, and will be a fine location for a dairy and truck farm.

Will be sold at public auction Saturday in December if not disposed of at private sale before that time. Terms cash. Purchaser to pay for papers.

E. P. SLOAN, Executor Est. Thos. M. White, Sept 22, 1897 13 11

BUILDERS OF ANDERSON

And vicinity will consult their interest by writing to the

Standard Manufacturing Co., AUGUSTA, GA.

For prices on—

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, SHINGLES, LATHS, LUMBER.

Or anything in Yellow Pine. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sept 8, 1897 11 3m

HONEY PATH

HIGH SCHOOL

HAS closed a most satisfactory year's work to both patrons and teachers. The outlook for the next Session promises even better results. How to secure the best School is the constant study of the teachers. Excellent library, modern apparatus, live methods, and trained teaching. Next Session opens Monday, Sept. 6th, 1897. Board in best families at very low rates. For further information write to—

J. C. HARPER, Prin., Honey Path, S. C. July 14, 1897 3 3m

A SPECIAL BARGAIN FOR NEWSPAPER READERS.

The Twice-a-Week Republic

AND THE AndersonIntelligencer

Both One Year for \$2.00.

IT is scarcely necessary to call attention to the superior merits of THE TWICE-A-WEEK edition of THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC as a newspaper. It has so many advantages as a news-gatherer, that no other paper can claim to be its equal. The whole field of news is covered thoroughly. The special features and illustrations are always the best. More noted writers contribute to its columns than to any other paper of its class. It is published especially to meet the wants of that large class of readers who have not the opportunity or cannot afford to read a daily paper. It is the leading Democratic paper of the Mississippi Valley and the South and West. By a special arrangement made for a limited time only, our friends will be given an opportunity to take advantage of this liberal proposition.

Remember the offer, THE TWICE-A-WEEK REPUBLIC, 16 pages a week, and the ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER, 8 pages a week, both one year for only \$2.00.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, ANDERSON COUNTY. By W. F. Cox, Judge of Probate. Whereas, J. F. Fowler has applied to me to grant him Letters of Administration on the Estate and effects of J. M. Fowler, deceased. These are therefore to cite and admonish all kindred and creditors of the said J. M. Fowler, deceased, to be and appear before me in Court of Probate, to be held at Anderson Court House, on the 17th day of November, 1897, after publication hereof, to show cause, if any they have, why the said administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand this 2nd day of November, 1897.

R. M. BURRIS, Judge of Probate. Nov 3, 1897 2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

All persons having demands against the Estate of M. B. Williams, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

M. BERRY WILLIAMS, Adm'r. Oct 27, 1897 15 3

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

The undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Louis J. Garrison, deceased, hereby give notice that he will on the 27th day of November, 1897, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator.

JOHN A. GARRISON, Adm'r. Oct 27, 1897 18

THE WORLD LOVES MUSIC.



WE sell PIANOS and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS to the best trade in this and adjoining Counties. Why not allow me to sell you a reliable Piano or Organ. We have every instrument that goes out of our Warehouses, and have a large assortment to select from. Have just received new styles of—

Ivers & Pond Pianos

— AND —

Farrand & Votey Organs,

And we are getting in several other makes of high grade instruments. Also, a large line of Guitars, Banjos, Violins, Autoharps, &c., at lowest possible figures.

HEADQUARTERS for the Celebrated New Home, Ideal and several other leading—

Sewing Machines.

Call and see us, or write for catalogue and prices. Respectfully,

The C. A. Reed Music House.

TAKE NOTICE.

We hereby notify all parties who owe Bleckley & Fretwell

past due papers that owing to the death of our senior, Sylvester Bleckley, that the same must be paid at an early day, not later than Nov. 1st next, as a settlement must be made with the heirs at law. Your prompt attention to this notice and a compliance with same will be duly appreciated.

Yours very truly,

JOSE J. FRETWELL,

Survivor Bleckley & Fretwell. Sept 15, 1897 12

YES,

They'll wear out, but only after a season of hard service. School Shoes, Rob Roy, Kangaroo, Columbian Belle, Red Seal. Sold by cash-buying merchants.

Made by—

J. K. ORR SHOE CO., Atlanta, Ga.

NOTICE.

THE County Treasurer's Office will be open from the 15th of October next to the 31st of December following for the collection of Taxes for the fiscal year 1897. For the convenience of Taxpayers I will attend at the following places:

Shelburne, October 15

Mount Airy, October 16

Piedmont, October 18

Pelzer, October 19

Honolulu, October 27

Cook's October 28

On all other days between October 15th and December 31st, the office will be open at Anderson. The following is the levy for State, County and School purposes:

State..... 3 mills.

County..... 3 mills.

Special (Road)..... 1 mill.

Special (Court House)..... 1 mill.

For Schools..... 3 mills.

Total..... 13 mills.

Trustees of Hunter School District have made a special levy of 3 mills for school purposes, making a total levy for that district of 16 mills.

All male persons between twenty-one and sixty years of age, except those unable to earn a living on account of being maimed, or from other cause, and those who served in the late war, are required to pay a poll tax of one dollar.

All male persons between eighteen and fifty years of age, who are able to work rough or cause them to be worked, except members of boards of school trustees, ministers of the gospel in actual charge of a congregation, persons permanently disabled in the military service of this State, and those who served in the late war, are required to work three days on the public roads, or in lieu of work, pay a commutation tax of one dollar, to be collected at same time other taxes are collected.

E. Z. BROWN, Co. Treas.

NOTICE.

I WILL sell at the Home place of Elizabeth Ashley, deceased, on the 15th day of November, 1897, one Tract of Land containing 89 acres, and all Rents of said Lands. Terms of Sale—Cash To be paid inside of thirty days.

JOSHUA W. ASHLEY, Adm'r. Oct 27, 1897 18

NOTICE.

All parties owing me notes and accounts are requested and urged to pay same as soon as possible. I need my money and will be compelled to make collections early in the season. Save the trouble and expense of sending to see you.

J. S. FOWLER. Sept. 29, 1897 14

Drs. Strickland & King,

DENTISTS.

OFFICE IN MASONIC TEMPLE.

Gas and Cocaine used for Painless

ing Teeth.